Formulae

JJ72

Things go wrong when I trust them
In my naive way I love them
Like you told me to love them
I abide by man made rules
And am a picture of all fools
I have a border of white clues

I use the formulae of everyday
In the floods I stay and get washed away

People talk in nothing
With a reverence in a something
And my heart beats on with indifference
To the lessons of attrition
I am a picture of all fools
I have a border of white clues

I use the formulae of everyday
In the floods I stay and get washed away

formulae of everyday
In the floods I stay and get washed away